

The Protestant-FLAYL :

An Excellent New SONG.

To the Tune of, *Lacy's Maggot*; Or, *The Hobby-Horse.*

14. June. 1642



[1]
Listen a while, and I'll tell you a Tale
Of a New Device of a *Protestant Flayl*.
With a Thump, Thump, Thump, a Thump,
Thump, a Thump, Thump.

This *FLAYL* it was made of the finest wood,
Well lin'd with Lead, and notable good,
For splitting of Bones, and shedding the Bloud
Of all that withstood,
With a Thump, Thump, &c.

[2]
This *Flayl* was invented to thrash the Brain,
And leave behind not the weight of a grain,
With a Thump, &c.

At the handle-end there hung a *Weight*,
That carried within unavoidable Fate,
To take the Monarch a rap in the Pate,
And go vern the State,
With a Thump, &c.

[3]
It took its Degree in *Oxford-Town*,
And with the Carpenter went down,
With a Thump, &c.
If any durst his Might oppose,
He had you close, in spight of your Nose,
To carry on clever the *Good Old Cause*,
And down with the Laws,
With a Thump, &c.

[4]
With this they threatened to fore-stall
The Church, and give the Bishops a Mawl
With a Thump, &c.

King and Lords would not submit
To the Joyner's wit whiles the House did sit,
If this in the right place did hit,
The Cause it would split,
With a Thump, &c.

[5] [fast.
Two handfuls of Death, with a Thong hung
By a Zealot who hang'd himself at last,
With a Thump, &c. *Stephen Colledge.*

With a moving head both stiff and stout,
Bound by the *Prot:stant Joyner* out,
To have at the King & the Laws t'other bout,
And turn them both out,
With a Thump, &c.

[6]
Ivissibly 'twou'd deal his Blows,
All to maintain the *Good Old Cause*,
With a Thump, &c.
VVou'd *Liberty* and *Freedom* bring
To every thing except the King,
At *Monarchy* it had a fling,
And took its swing,
With a Thump, &c.

[7]
This *Flayl* was made of the Newest Fashion,
To heal the Breaches of the Nation,
With a Thump, &c.
If Faction any difference bred,
T'wou'd split the Cause in the very Head,
Till *Monarchy* reel'd, and *Loyalty* bled,
And were knock'd in the Head,
With a Thump, &c.

[8]
VVhen any Strife was in the State,
This *Flayl* wou'd end the whole Debate,
With a Thump, &c.
'Gainst *Arbitrary Power* of State,
And *Papery* which the *Zealous* hate,
It wou'd give them such a Rap on the Pate,
They must yield to their Fate,
With a Thump, &c.

[9]
It had a thousand Vertues more,
And had a Salve for every Sore,
With a Thump, &c.
VVith this they thought to have maintain'd,
The *Loyal Tribe*, and *Royalists* brain'd:
But the Joyner was hang'd, and the *Flayl* was
And the Conquest Regain'd, [Arraign'd
With a Thump, &c.

[10]
May *Tom* and all our Enemies, *Shaftsbury*.
Meet with no better fate then his,
With a Thump, &c.

May *Charles* still Live to rule the State,
And *Iork* whom all *Dissenters* hate,
To be reveng'd upon their Pate,
By timely fate,
With a Thump, Thump, Thump a Thump,
Thump, a Thump, Thump.

L O N D O N: Printed for A. Banks, MDCLXXXII.